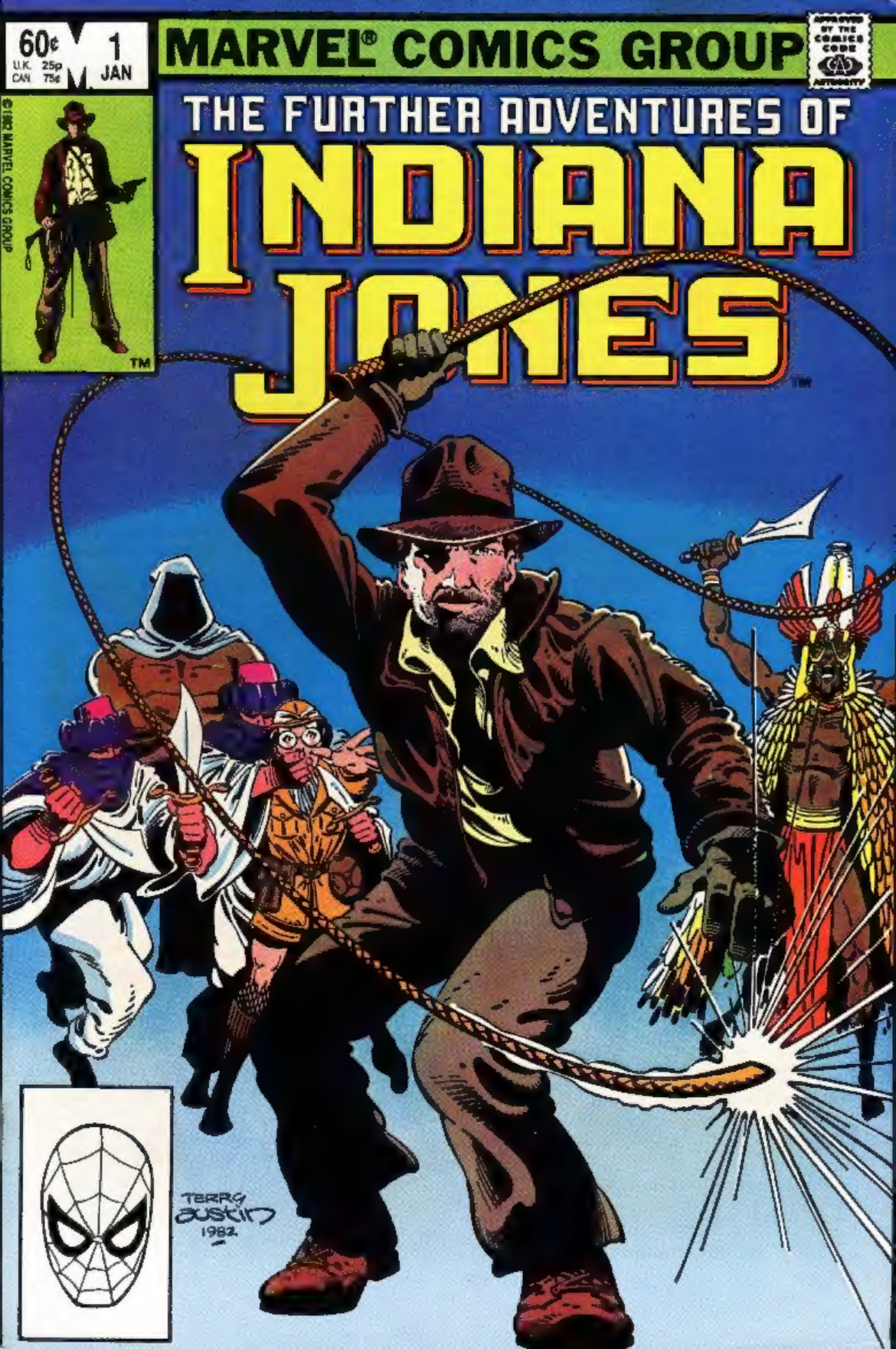
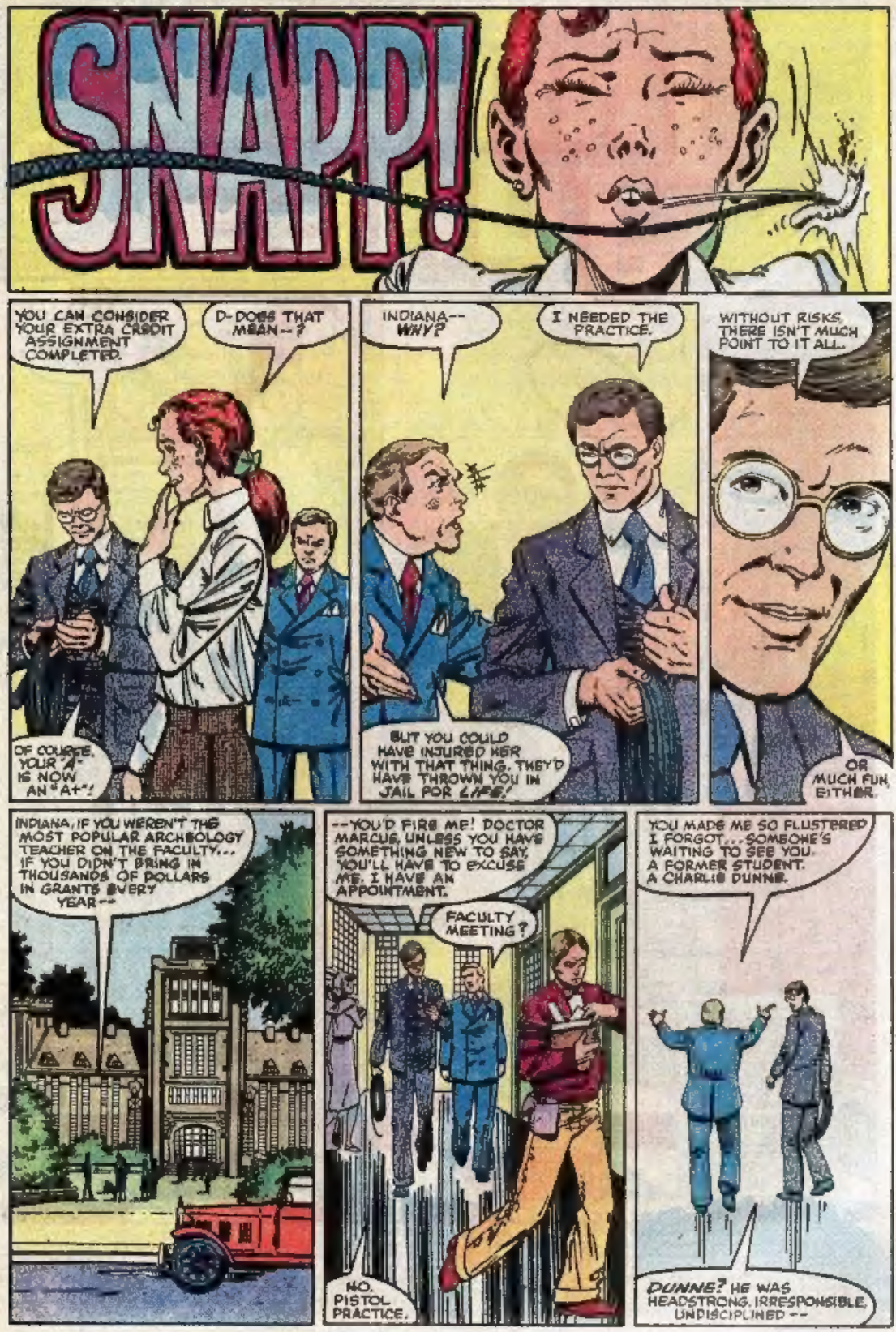
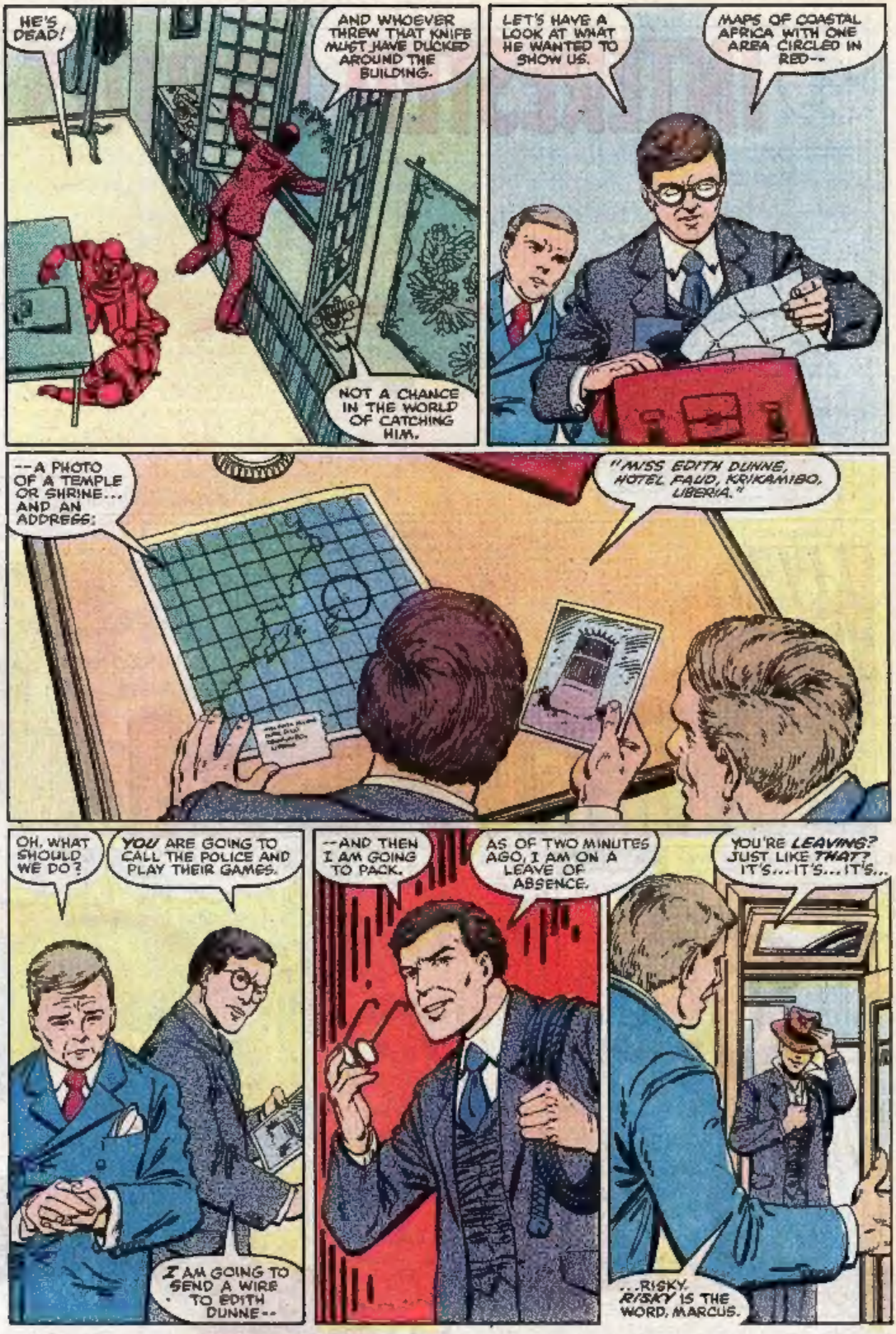

60¢
U.K. 25p
CAN. 75¢
1
JAN
MARVEL® COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
INDIANA JONES™
©1982 MARVEL COMICS GROUP
TERRY AUSTIN 1982

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF INDIANA JONES™ Vol. 1, No. 1, January, 1983 issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing, Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published monthly. TM: © Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL) 1982. All rights reserved. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4, 13, 16, 17, 20, 21, 28, 29, 31, 32, covers 2, 3 & 4 only, copyright© 1982 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and 75¢ in Canada. Subscription rate $7.20 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, $9.20. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. Postmaster: Send address changes to Subscription Dept., Marvel Comics Group, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016.


SNAPP!
YOU CAN CONSIDER YOUR EXTRA CREDIT ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED.
D-DOES THAT MEAN--?
OF COURSE. YOUR "A-" IS NOW AN "A+"!
INDIANA-- WHY?
I NEEDED THE PRACTICE.
BUT YOU COULD HAVE INJURED HER WITH THAT THING. THEY'D HAVE THROWN YOU IN JAIL FOR LIFE!
WITHOUT RISKS, THERE ISN'T MUCH POINT TO IT ALL..
OR MUCH FUN, EITHER.
INDIANA, IF YOU WEREN'T THE MOST POPULAR ARCHEOLOGY TEACHER ON THE FACULTY... IF YOU DIDN'T BRING IN THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN GRANTS EVERY YEAR--
--YOU'D FIRE ME! DOCTOR MARCUS, UNLESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING NEW TO SAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT.
FACULTY MEETING?
NO. PISTOL PRACTICE.
YOU MADE ME SO FLUSTERED I FORGOT... SOMEONE'S WAITING TO SEE YOU. A FORMER STUDENT. A CHARLIE DUNNE.
DUNNE? HE WAS HEADSTRONG, IRRESPONSIBLE, UNDISCIPLINED --

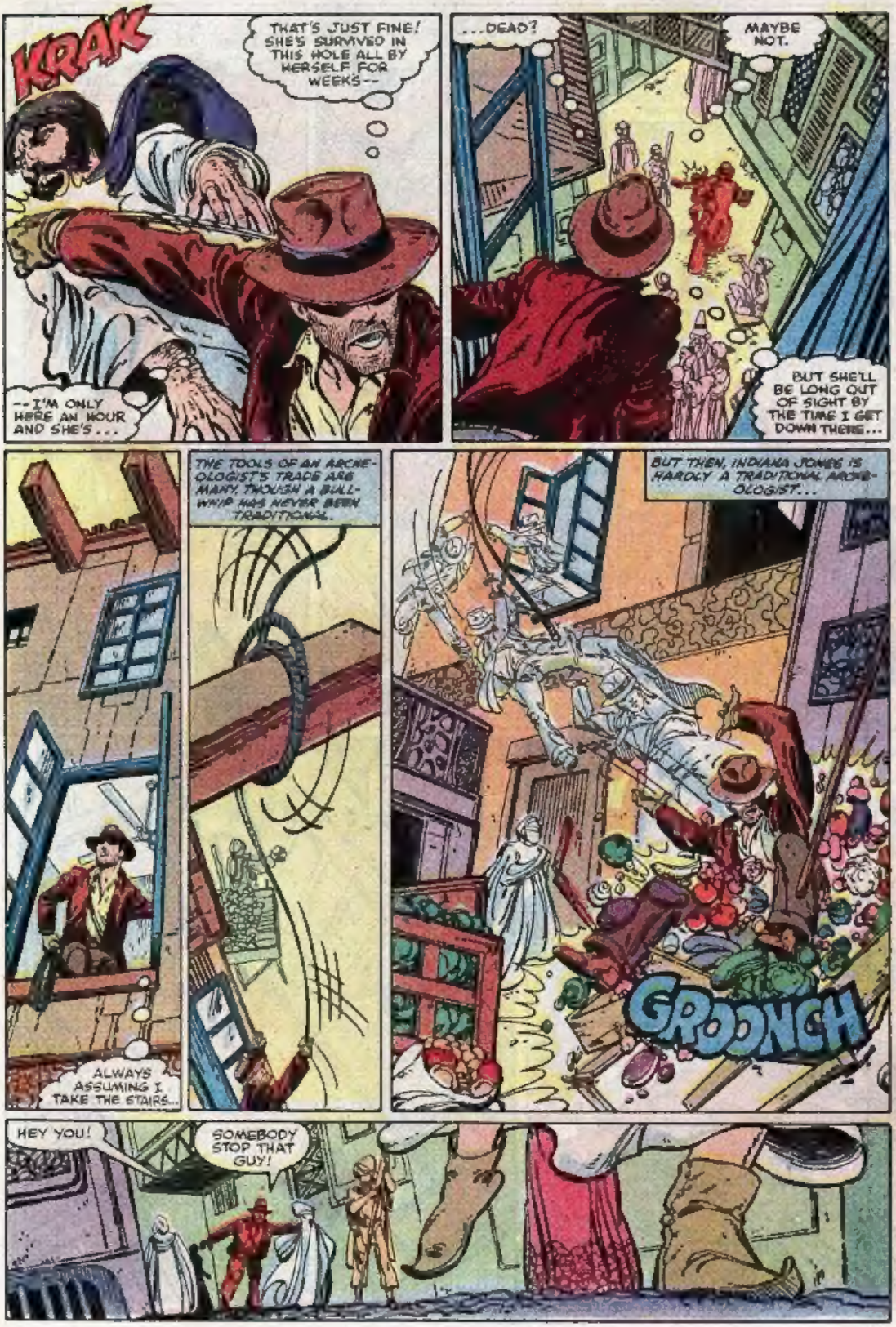
--THE BEST STUDENT I EVER HAD.
PROFESSOR JONES. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SIR.
FORGET THE "SIR." AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, FORGET THE "PROFESSOR!" THE NAME IS INDY.
WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE OLD ALMA MATER?
A DISCOVERY, PRO... INDY. MY SISTER EDITH AND I HAVE LEARNED THE LOCATION OF THE IKONS OF IKAMMANON!
AS THE SAYING GOES, DON'T KID A KIDDER...
...THE IKONS ARE A NICE LEGEND BUT NOBODY REALLY BELIEVES THEY EXIST--
--INCLUDING ME. STATUES CAPABLE OF BECOMING LIVING MANGONS? NOT A BAD YARN TO WAKE UP A SNOOZING FRESHMAN OR TWO, BUT--
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT BECOMING AVENGERS, BUT I CAN PROVE THE IKONS EXIST. MY SISTER AND I--
H-AGHHH
DUNNE!
THUNK


HE'S DEAD!
AND WHOEVER THREW THAT KNIFE MUST HAVE DUCKED AROUND THE BUILDING.
NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD OF CATCHING HIM.
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT HE WANTED TO SHOW US.
MAPS OF COASTAL AFRICA WITH ONE AREA CIRCLED IN RED--
--A PHOTO OF A TEMPLE OR SHRINE... AND AN ADDRESS:
"MISS EDITH DUNNE, HOTEL FAUD, KRIKAMIBO, LIBERIA."
OH, WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
YOU ARE GOING TO CALL THE POLICE AND PLAY THEIR GAMES.
I AM GOING TO SEND A WIRE TO EDITH DUNNE--
--AND THEN I AM GOING TO PACK.
AS OF TWO MINUTES AGO, I AM ON A LEAVE OF ABSENCE.
YOU'RE LEAVING? JUST LIKE THAT? IT'S... IT'S... IT'S...
...RISKY. RISKY IS THE WORD, MARCUS.

Chapter 2
INTERESTED PARTIES
TWENTY-EIGHT HOURS LATER.
A SHINING NEW DC-3 DRONES HIGH OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC, BOUND EAST ON THE FIRST LEG OF A DAY-LONG FLIGHT TO AFRICA.
FOR INDIANA JONES THE TRIP WILL NOT END WHEN THE PLANE REACHES ITS FINAL DESTINATION.
ANOTHER THIRTY HOURS BY STEAMER WILL BE REQUIRED TO BRING HIM TO...
...KRIKAMBO.
NESTLED AGAINST THE NORTHWEST EDGE OF THE GREAT AFRICAN CONTINENT, A SEA-PORT TOWN OLDER THAN THE PRESENCE OF WHITE MEN IN THESE CLIMES.
INDIANA JONES HAS BEEN HERE ONLY ONCE BEFORE...
LOOKS A LOT LIKE THE TOWN WHERE I WAS WITH MARION... BEFORE WE WENT LOOKING FOR THE ARK.
YOO HOO! DOCTOR JONES!
IT'S ME, EDITH DUNNE. DO YOU REMEMBER?
HOW COULD I FORGET?
YOU GOT MY CABLEGRAM? SORRY ABOUT YOUR BROTHER.

THE MAIN REASON I'M HERE IS TO FIND OUT WHY HE WAS KILLED AND WHO DID IT.
THEN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
OUR STARTING PLACE IS THE IKONS.
I'VE RESERVED YOU A ROOM AT MY HOTEL, AND I CAN SHOW YOU THE REST OF THE INFORMATION WE'VE GATHERED ON THE IKONS.
ER--EDITH, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD TALK ABOUT THAT SO OPENLY, DO YOU?
BUT WHY NOT, DOCTOR JONES? THE IKONS ARE OF ENORMOUS ARCHEOLOGICAL IMPORTANCE, BUT OF NO PRACTICAL VALUE, SURELY?
I THINK YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, EDITH.
IF THE IKONS DO EXIST...
...THEY'RE MADE OF SOLID GOLD!
LESS THAN TEN MINUTES LATER...
I THINK I'LL HAVE TO REVISE MY OPINIONS OF EDITH
IF SHE'S STAYED ALIVE IN THIS DIVE UNTIL NOW SHE'S GOT MORE SPUNK--OR LUCK--THAN I EVER GAVE HER CREDIT FOR.
RIGHT IN HERE, DOCTOR...
OH, MY!
UH-OH. LOOK OUT, EDITH, WE'VE GOT...

...VISITORS!
THE ROBED FIGURES ARE A BLUR OF SWIRLING DEATH...
BUT INDIANA JONES IS A SURVIVOR...
KLOK
AND THOUGH SOMETIMES THAT SURVIVAL MAY NOT BE EASILY WON...
WHOUF
WHUD
IN THE END HE WILL ALWAYS PREVAIL...
DOCTOR JONES!
WHA...? EDITH!
ALMOST ALWAYS...
OH, NO...
...EDITH!
DOCTOR JOOOOOONES!!


KRAK
THAT'S JUST FINE! SHE'S SURVIVED IN THIS HOLE ALL BY HERSELF FOR WEEKS--
--I'M ONLY HERE AN HOUR AND SHE'S...
...DEAD?
MAYBE NOT.
BUT SHE'LL BE LONG OUT OF SIGHT BY THE TIME I GET DOWN THERE...
ALWAYS ASSUMING I TAKE THE STAIRS...
THE TOOLS OF AN ARCHEOLOGIST'S TRADE ARE MANY, THOUGH A BULLWHIP HAS NEVER BEEN TRADITIONAL.
BUT THEN, INDIANA JONES IS HARDLY A TRADITIONAL ARCHEOLOGIST...
GROONCH
HEY YOU!
SOMEBODY STOP THAT GUY!

HIS CALL GOES UNHEEDED...
IN THIS TOWN, IN THIS QUARTER, MEN HAVE LEARNED TO KEEP TO THEIR OWN BUSINESS.
DOCTOR JONES! HELP!!
SO IT IS THAT NO ONE COMES TO ERYN'S AID. AS INDIANA RACES THROUGH AN IMPOSSIBLE MAZE OF BACK STREETS...
...KEEPING HIS QUARRY ALWAYS JUST IN SIGHT...
HE'S NOT MUCH OF A KIDNAPPER.
EVEN IN THIS MESS I HAVEN'T LOST TRACK OF HIM.
EITHER HE'S VERY CLUMSY, OR I'M VERY LUCKY...
OR PERHAPS...
HE DID NOT WISH YOU TO LOSE HIM, DOCTOR JONES?
GONE!

INDIANA HAS ONLY A MOMENT TO REALIZE THE ENCLOSURE IS A DEAD END..
KLUNNG
BEFORE AN IRON DOOR TRANSFORMS IT INTO A BOX

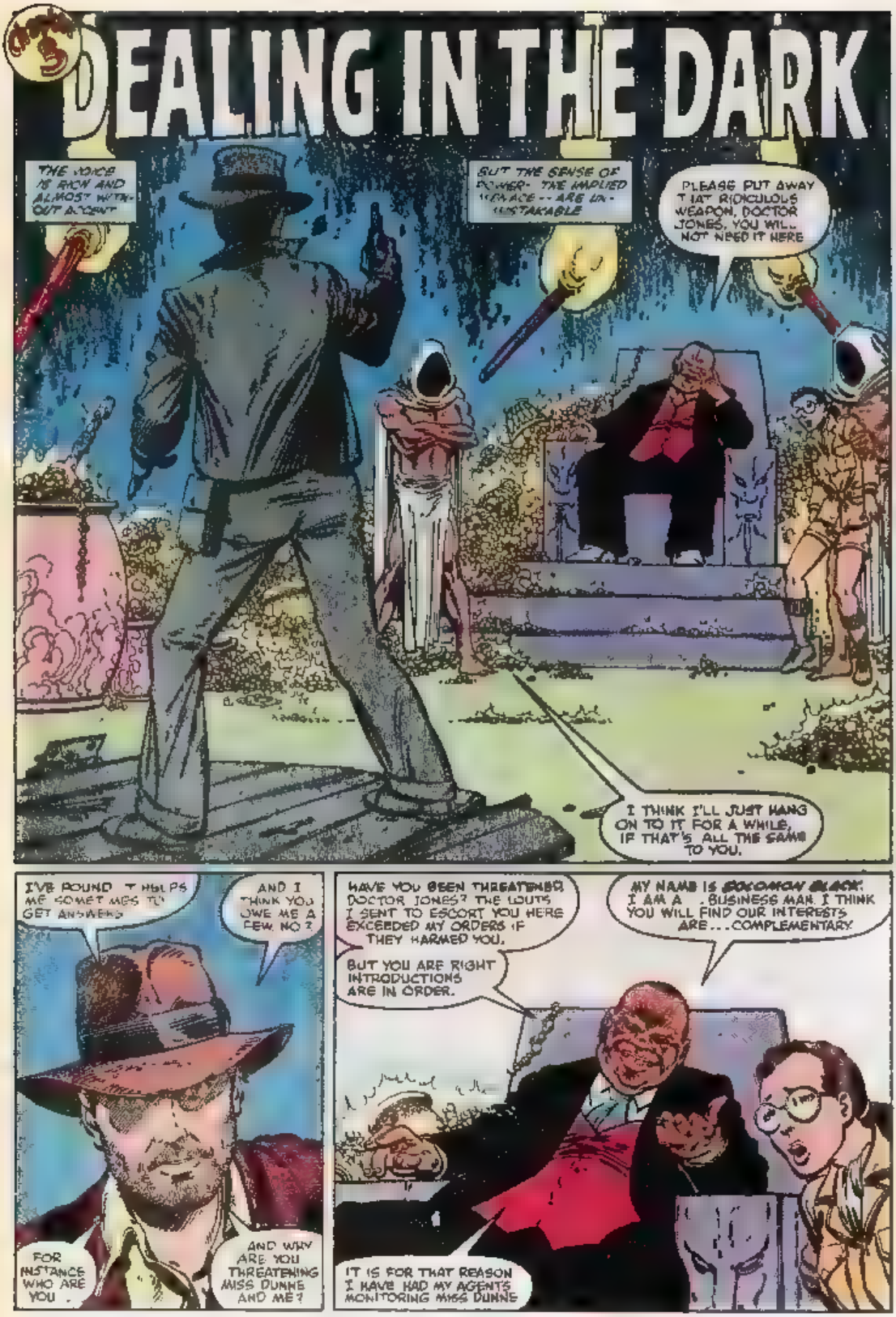
A BOX SUDDENLY WITHOUT A BOTTOM...
CREAKK K

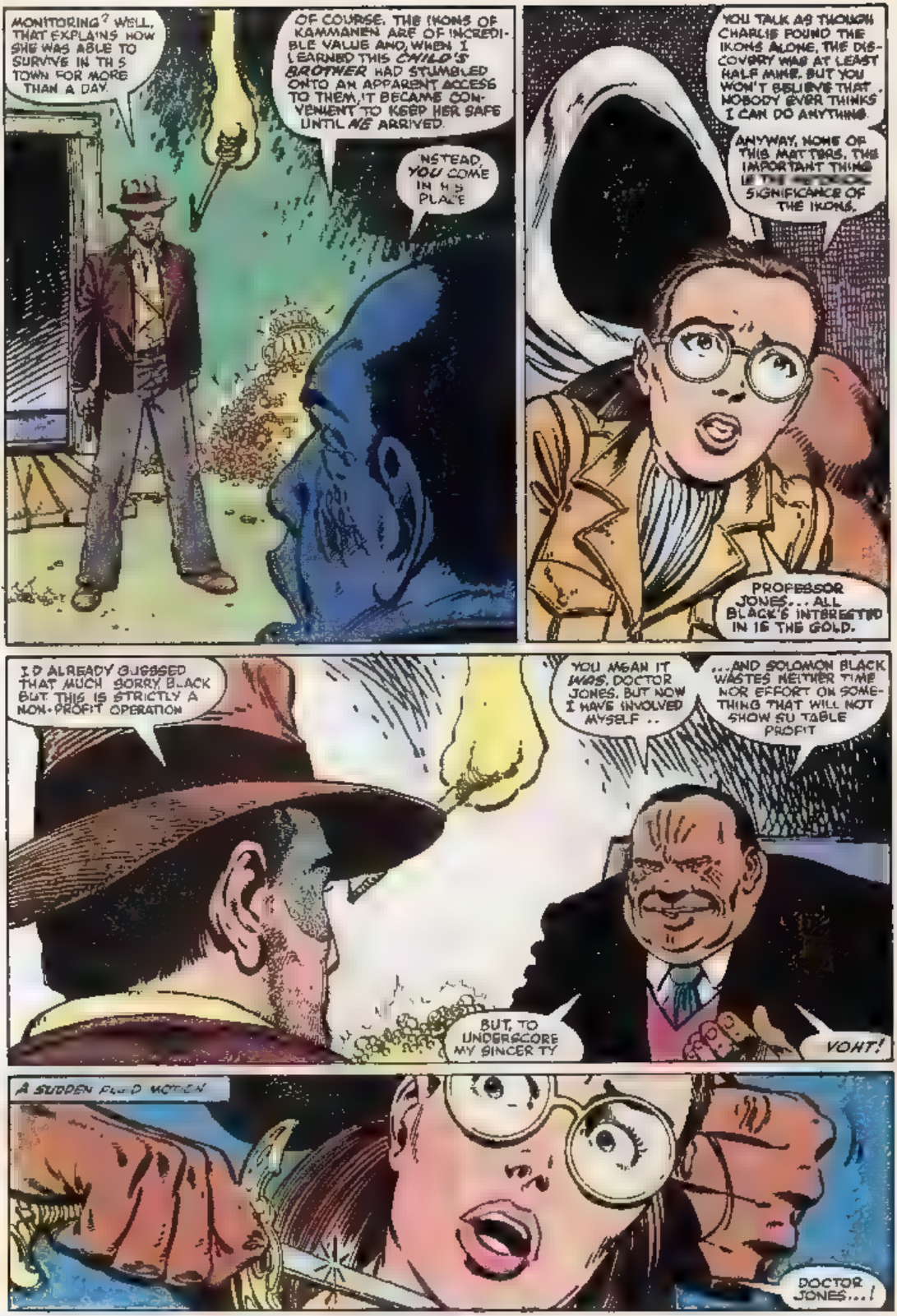
THE DROP IS ONLY A DOZEN FEET
SWALLOWED BY AN INKY BLACKNESS AND WE'RE NO WISER
WHICH SUDDENLY TURNS INTO A MOST UNCONVENTIONAL MODE OF TRANSPORTATION.

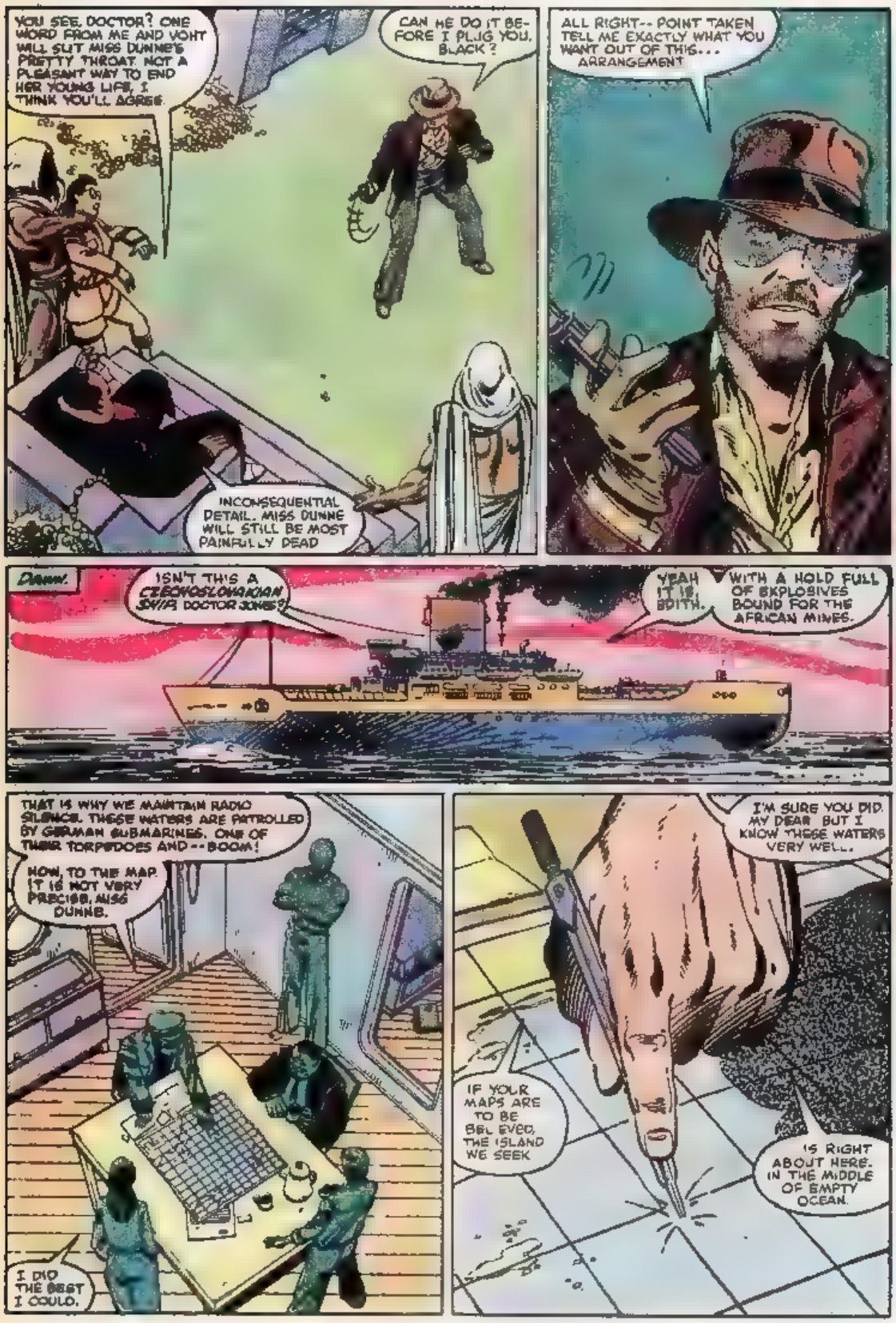
AND AT JOURNEY'S END
IT'S BLACK AS TAR DOWN HERE. EVEN THE LIGHT OF A MATCH JUST GETS SWALLOWED.
BUT IT'S ENOUGH

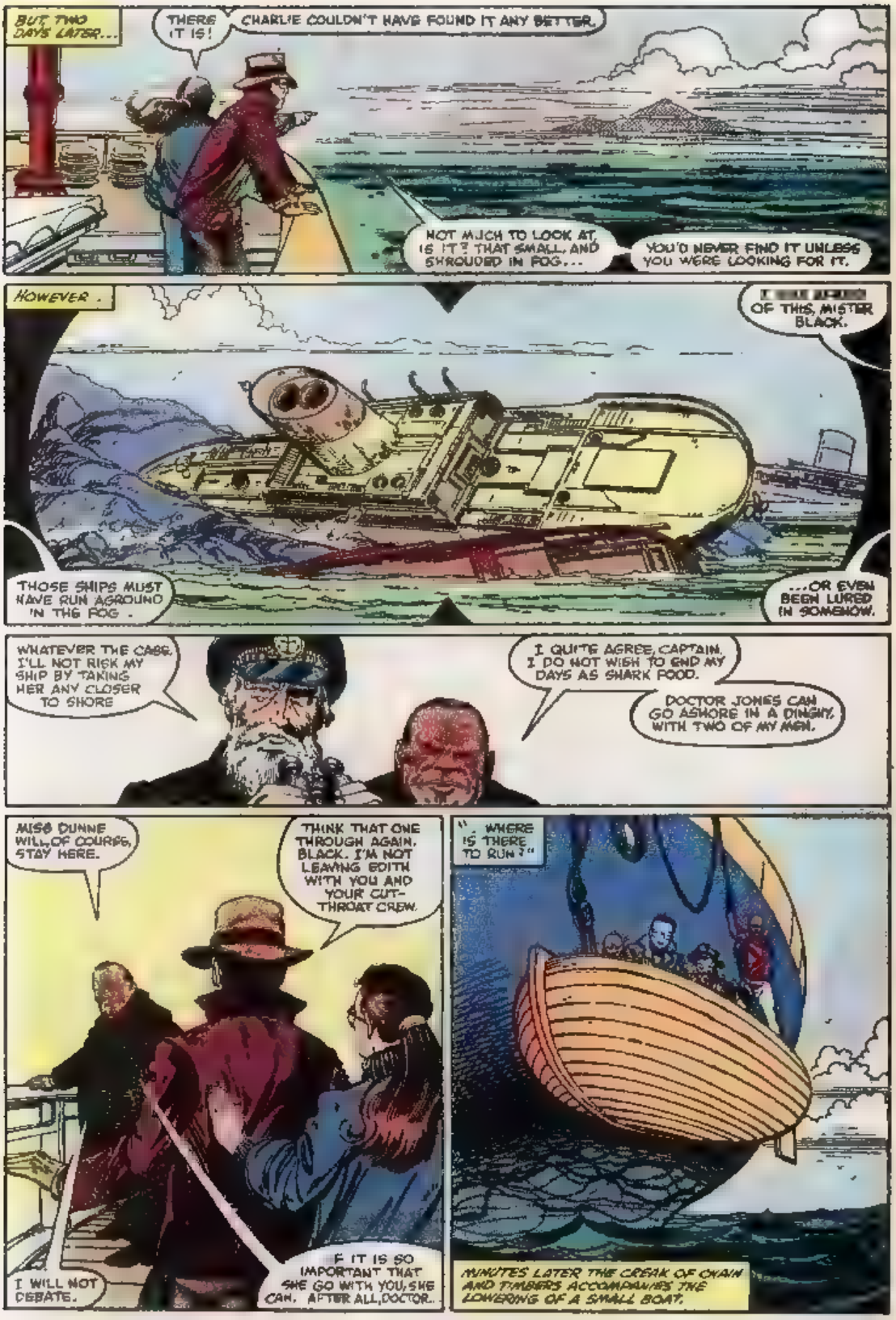
TO SHOW ME I'M NOT ALONE!
DON'T THINK I CAN CLIMB BACK UP THE RAMP...
AND THE ONLY OTHER WAY OUT OF HERE IS--

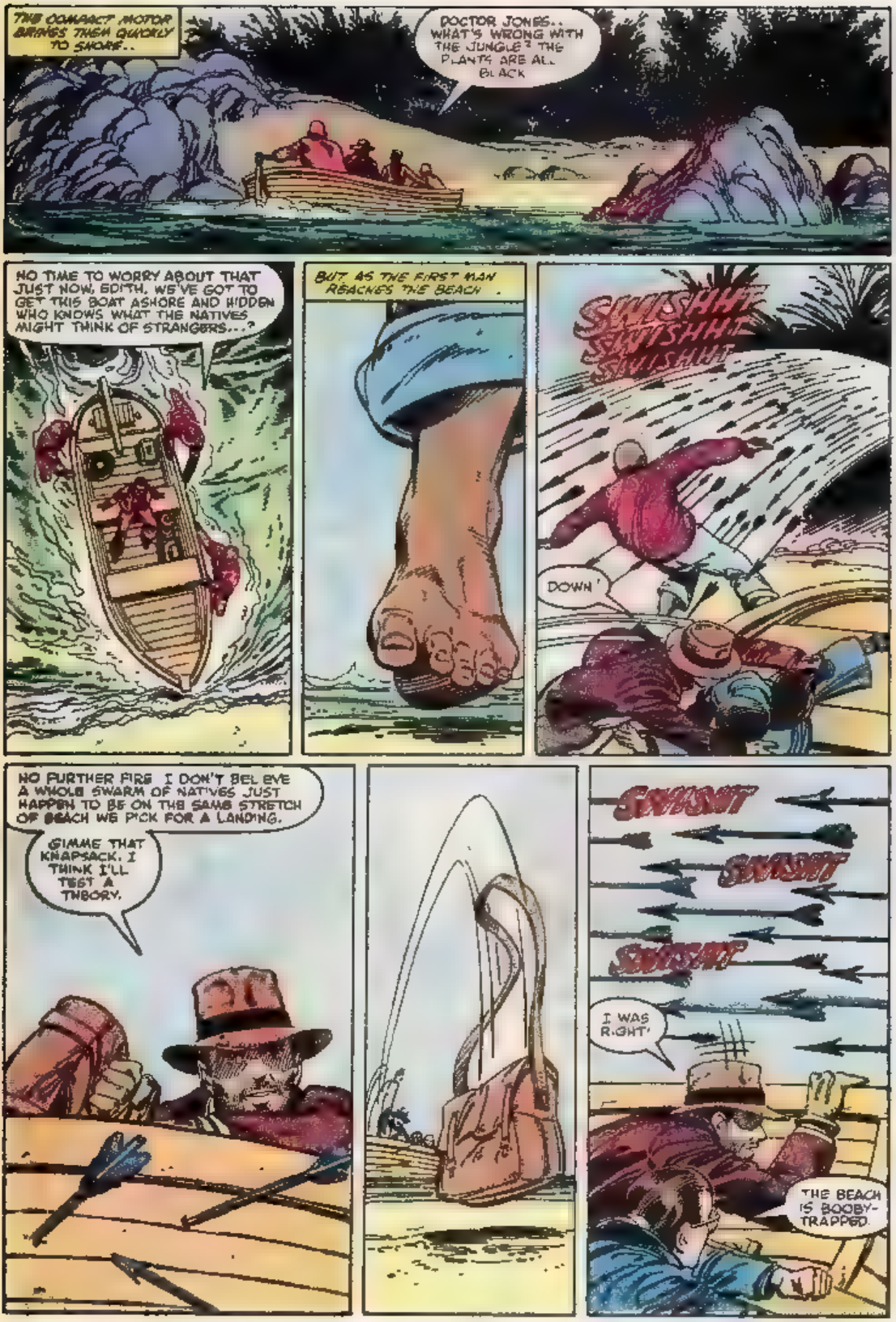
LOCKED HATCH
LUCKILY I ALWAYS CARRY MY OWN KEY
GUNFIRE ECHOES DEAFENINGLY IN THE SMALL STONE ROOM.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
OVERWHELMING THE SOUND OF SHATTERING OAK
AND A MOMENT LATER
A FOOT NOW ACHIEVES WHAT A HAND COULD NOT.
GOOD AFTERNOON DOCTOR JONES
MAY I OFFER YOU A CUP OF COFFEE?


DEALING IN THE DARK
THE VOICE IS RICH AND ALMOST WITHOUT ACCENT
BUT THE SENSE OF POWER- THE IMPLIED MENACE -- ARE UNMISTAKABLE
PLEASE PUT AWAY THAT RIDICULOUS WEAPON, DOCTOR JONES, YOU WILL NOT NEED IT HERE
I THINK I'LL JUST HANG ON TO IT FOR A WHILE, IF THAT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU.
I'VE FOUND THAT HELPS ME SOMETIMES TO GET ANSWERS
AND I THINK YOU OWE ME A FEW NO?
FOR INSTANCE WHO ARE YOU.
AND WHY ARE YOU THREATENING MISS DUNNE AND ME?
HAVE YOU BEEN THREATENED DOCTOR JONES? THE LOUTS I SENT TO ESCORT YOU HERE EXCEEDED MY ORDERS IF THEY HARMED YOU.
BUT YOU ARE RIGHT INTRODUCTIONS ARE IN ORDER.
MY NAME IS SOLOMON BLACK. I AM A . BUSINESS MAN. I THINK YOU WILL FIND OUR INTERESTS ARE...COMPLEMENTARY
IT IS FOR THAT REASON I HAVE HAD MY AGENTS MONITORING MISS DUNNE

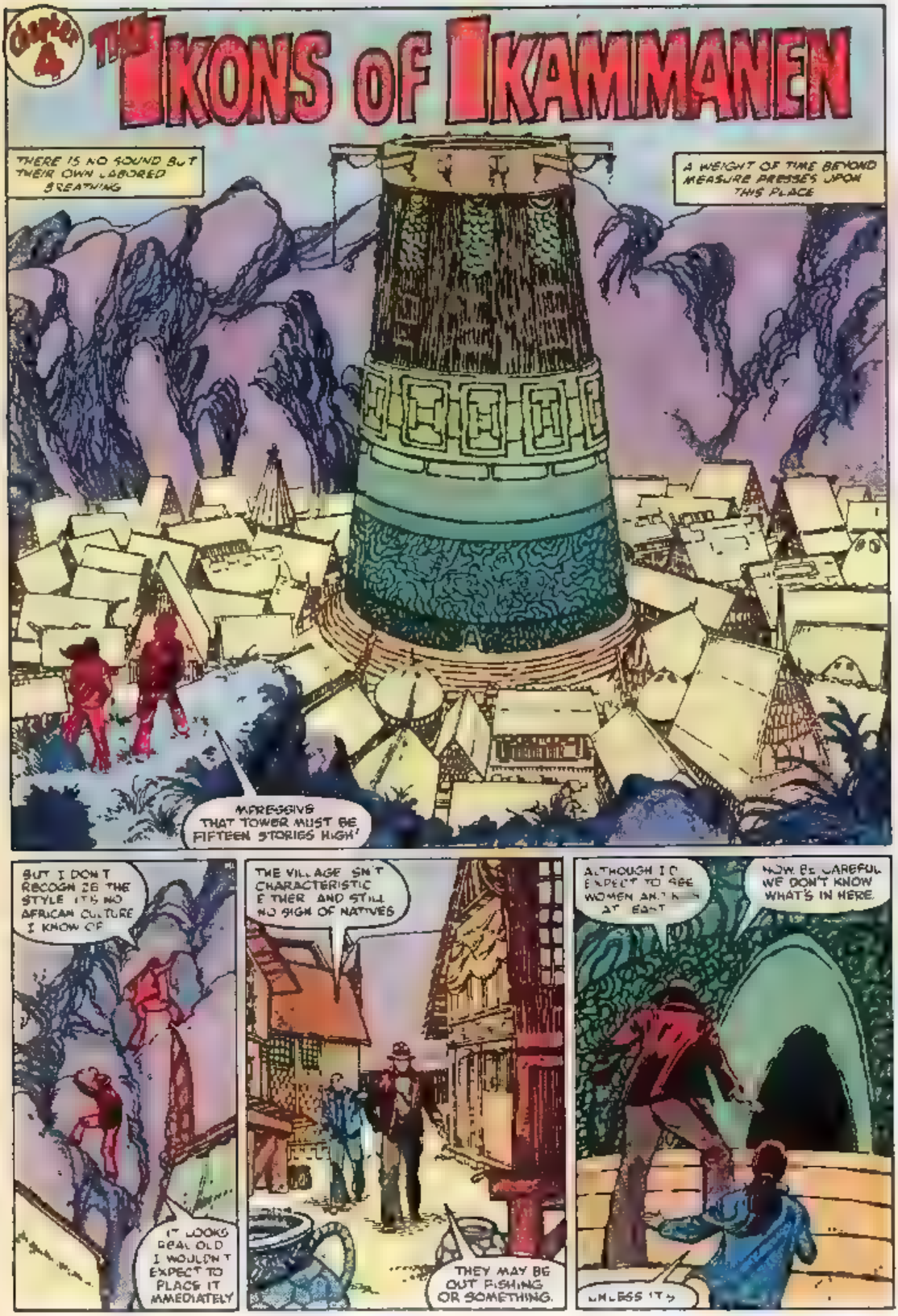

MONITORING? WELL, THAT EXPLAINS HOW SHE WAS ABLE TO SURVIVE IN THIS TOWN FOR MORE THAN A DAY.
OF COURSE. THE IKONS OF KAMMANEN ARE OF INCREDIBLE VALUE AND, WHEN I LEARNED THIS CHILD'S BROTHER HAD STUMBLED ONTO AN APPARENT ACCESS TO THEM, IT BECAME CONVENIENT TO KEEP HER SAFE UNTIL WE ARRIVED.
INSTEAD, YOU COME IN HIS PLACE
YOU TALK AS THOUGH CHARLIE FOUND THE IKONS ALONE. THE DISCOVERY WAS AT LEAST HALF MINE. BUT YOU WON'T BELIEVE THAT. NOBODY EVER THINKS I CAN DO ANYTHING.
ANYWAY, NONE OF THIS MATTERS. THE IMPORTANT THING IS THE [redacted] SIGNIFICANCE OF THE IKONS.
PROFESSOR JONES... ALL BLACK'S INTERESTED IN IS THE GOLD.
I'D ALREADY GUESSED THAT MUCH. SORRY, BLACK, BUT THIS IS STRICTLY A NON-PROFIT OPERATION
YOU MEAN IT WAS, DOCTOR JONES. BUT NOW I HAVE INVOLVED MYSELF..
...AND SOLOMON BLACK WASTES NEITHER TIME NOR EFFORT ON SOMETHING THAT WILL NOT SHOW SUBSTABLE PROFIT
BUT, TO UNDERSCORE MY SINCERITY
VOHT!
A SUDDEN FLURRY OF MOTION
DOCTOR JONES...!

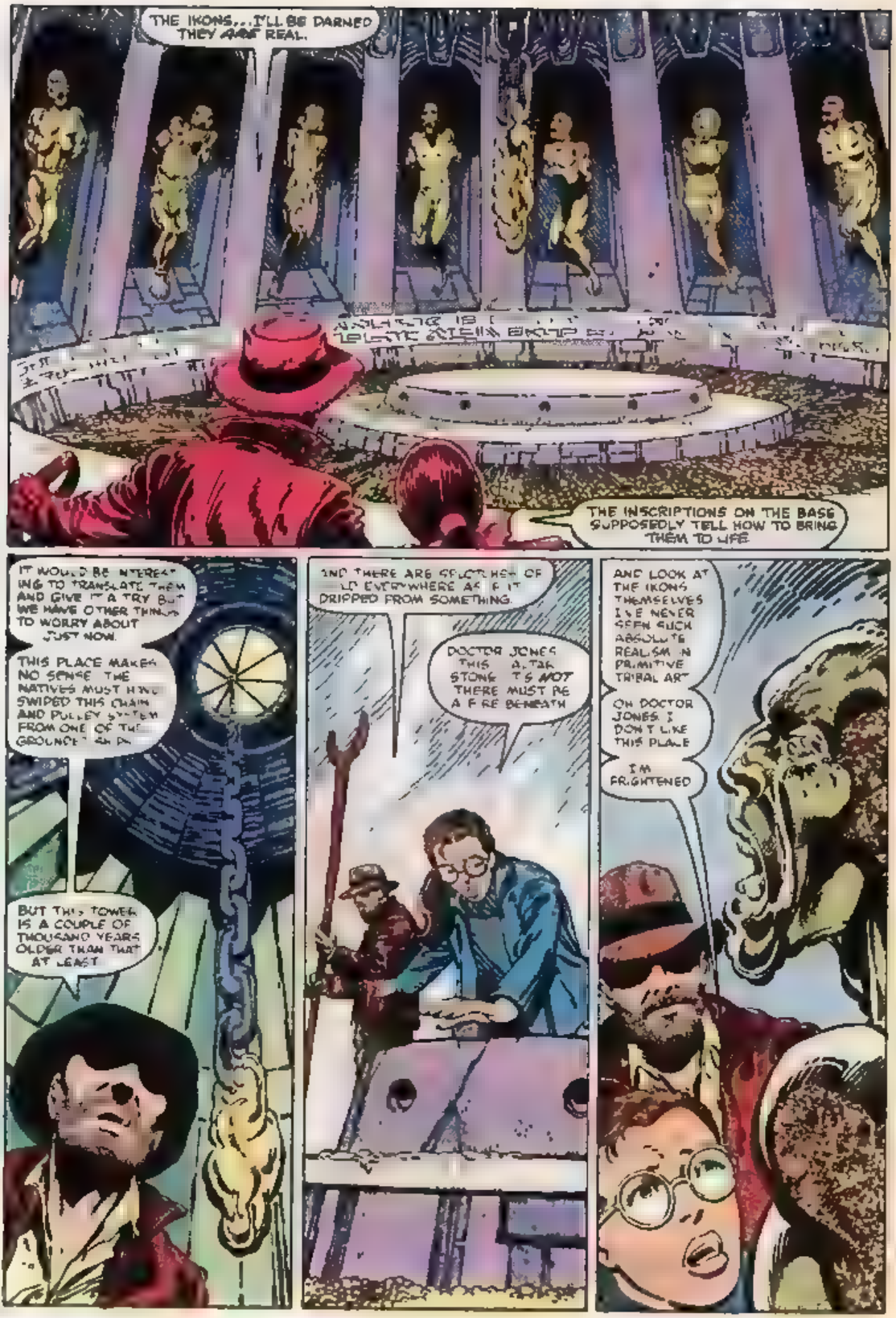

YOU SEE, DOCTOR? ONE WORD FROM ME AND VOHT WILL SLIT MISS DUNNE'S PRETTY THROAT. NOT A PLEASANT WAY TO END HER YOUNG LIFE, I THINK YOU'LL AGREE.
CAN HE DO IT BEFORE I PLUG YOU, BLACK?
INCONSEQUENTIAL DETAIL. MISS DUNNE WILL STILL BE MOST PAINFULLY DEAD
ALL RIGHT-- POINT TAKEN TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT OUT OF THIS... ARRANGEMENT
Dawn!
ISN'T THIS A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN SHIP? DOCTOR JONES?
YEAH IT IS, EDITH.
WITH A HOLD FULL OF EXPLOSIVES BOUND FOR THE AFRICAN MINES.
THAT IS WHY WE MAINTAIN RADIO SILENCE. THESE WATERS ARE PATROLLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINES. ONE OF THEIR TORPEDOES AND-- BOOM!
HOW, TO THE MAP. IT IS NOT VERY PRECISE, MISS DUNNE.
I DID THE BEST I COULD.
I'M SURE YOU DID, MY DEAR BUT I KNOW THESE WATERS VERY WELL.
IF YOUR MAPS ARE TO BE BELIEVED, THE ISLAND WE SEEK
IS RIGHT ABOUT HERE. IN THE MIDDLE OF EMPTY OCEAN.


BUT, TWO DAYS LATER...
THERE IT IS!
CHARLIE COULDN'T HAVE FOUND IT ANY BETTER.
NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT, IS IT? THAT SMALL, AND SHROUDED IN FOG...
YOU'D NEVER FIND IT UNLESS YOU WERE LOOKING FOR IT.
HOWEVER .
I [illegible] OF THIS, MISTER BLACK.
THOSE SHIPS MUST HAVE RUN AGROUND IN THE FOG .
...OR EVEN BEEN LURED IN SOMEHOW.
WHATEVER THE CASE, I'LL NOT RISK MY SHIP BY TAKING HER ANY CLOSER TO SHORE
I QUITE AGREE, CAPTAIN. I DO NOT WISH TO END MY DAYS AS SHARK FOOD.
DOCTOR JONES CAN GO ASHORE IN A DINGHY, WITH TWO OF MY MEN.
MISS DUNNE WILL, OF COURSE, STAY HERE.
THINK THAT ONE THROUGH AGAIN, BLACK. I'M NOT LEAVING EDITH WITH YOU AND YOUR CUT-THROAT CREW.
I WILL NOT DEBATE.
IF IT IS SO IMPORTANT THAT SHE GO WITH YOU, SHE CAN. AFTER ALL, DOCTOR..
"... WHERE IS THERE TO RUN?"
MINUTES LATER THE CREAK OF CHAIN AND TIMBERS ACCOMPANIES THE LOWERING OF A SMALL BOAT.


THE COMPACT MOTOR BRINGS THEM QUICKLY TO SHORE..
DOCTOR JONES.. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE JUNGLE? THE PLANTS ARE ALL BLACK
NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT JUST NOW, EDITH. WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS BOAT ASHORE AND HIDDEN WHO KNOWS WHAT THE NATIVES MIGHT THINK OF STRANGERS...?
BUT AS THE FIRST MAN REACHES THE BEACH
SWISHHH SWISHHH SWISHHH
DOWN!
NO FURTHER FIRE I DON'T BELEVE A WHOLE SWARM OF NATIVES JUST HAPPEN TO BE ON THE SAME STRETCH OF BEACH WE PICK FOR A LANDING.
GIMME THAT KNAPSACK. I THINK I'LL TEST A THEORY.
SWISHT
SWISHT
SWISHT
I WAS RIGHT!
THE BEACH IS BOOBY-TRAPPED.

THEN YOU HAD BETTER BE VERY CAREFUL GOING ASHORE, DOCTOR JONES, IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO END UP LIKE MY COMRADE.
OH. FINE...
BUT... DOCTOR JONES, HOW CAN WE CROSS WITHOUT GETTING KILLED?
LEAVE THAT TO ME, SWEETHEART. A BIG PART OF ARCHEOLOGY IS JUST STAYING ALIVE
THE CROSSING IS SLOW AND ARDUOUS...
...AND SOMETHING LESS THAN DIGNIFIED.
STEADY. NO TRIP ROPES THROUGH HERE...
FINALLY
I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK WE'D NEVER GET OFF THAT BEACH BUT... WHERE ARE THE NATIVES?
THIS IS PROBABLY AN AREA THEY DON'T COME THROUGH MUCH. THAT'S WHY THEY BOOBY-TRAPPED THE BEACH.
THE JUNGLE IS SO SILENT AND DEAD
TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES OF HARD GOING LATER...
WATCH YOUR STEP, EDITH.
I THINK THIS ROCK IS LAVA. IT'S TOO SMOOTH TO BE ORDINARY STONE.
AND, AS THE SUMMIT IS MOUNTED...
WELL, WELL, WELL.
LOOKS LIKE YOU GET YOUR NAME IN THE JOURNALS AFTER ALL, EDITH.


Chapter 4
THE IKONS OF IKAMMANEN
THERE IS NO SOUND BUT THEIR OWN LABORED BREATHING
A WEIGHT OF TIME BEYOND MEASURE PRESSES UPON THIS PLACE
IMPRESSIVE THAT TOWER MUST BE FIFTEEN STORIES HIGH!
BUT I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE STYLE IT'S NO AFRICAN CULTURE I KNOW OF
IT LOOKS REAL OLD I WOULDN'T EXPECT TO PLACE IT IMMEDIATELY
THE VILLAGE ISN'T CHARACTERISTIC EITHER AND STILL NO SIGN OF NATIVES
THEY MAY BE OUT FISHING OR SOMETHING.
ALTHOUGH I'D EXPECT TO SEE WOMEN AND KIDS AT LEAST
NOW BE CAREFUL WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN HERE.
UNLESS IT'S


THE IKONS...I'LL BE DARNED THEY ARE REAL.
THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE BASE SUPPOSEDLY TELL HOW TO BRING THEM TO LIFE
IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO TRANSLATE THEM AND GIVE IT A TRY BUT WE HAVE OTHER THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT JUST NOW.
THIS PLACE MAKES NO SENSE THE NATIVES MUST HAVE SWIPED THIS CHAIN AND PULLEY SYSTEM FROM ONE OF THE GROUNDED ALIEN SHIPS
BUT THIS TOWER IS A COUPLE OF THOUSAND YEARS OLDER THAN THAT AT LEAST
AND THERE ARE SPLOTCHES OF OLD EVERYWHERE AS IF IT DRIPPED FROM SOMETHING.
DOCTOR JONES THIS ALTAR STONE IS NOT THERE MUST BE A FIRE BENEATH
AND LOOK AT THE IKONS THEMSELVES I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH ABSOLUTE REALISM IN PRIMITIVE TRIBAL ART
OH DOCTOR JONES I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE I'M FRIGHTENED

NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF, KID. THEY'RE JUST STATUES...
HMM-- THEY'RE FASTENED IN PLACE WITH BLOBS OF MELTED GOLD.
IF I CAN PULL ONE FREE WE CAN TAKE IT BACK TO BLACK'S SHIP AND WORRY ABOUT THE OTHERS LATER.
HE TUGS FRUITLESSLY FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS...
THEN...
KRAAK!
IT BROKE!
AND, FROM WITHIN THE SUDDENLY TRUNCATED FIGURE...
HUMAN BONES!
OMIGOSH! EDITH, THESE AREN'T STATUES.
THEY'RE...
UNGH!
KLOP

LATER...
HIS HANDS AND FEET ARE BOUND...
THE SOFTNESS OF ANOTHER BODY IS FELT BEHIND HIM...
THEN, A RESPONSE FROM THE PAST...
DON'T LOOK, MARION! DON'T...
IT'S NOT MARION, AND NOT THEN...
HE IS HERE, NOW, AMIDST A MOST UNCOMFORTABLE REALITY, STRUGGLING TO OVERCOME THE FAMILIAR NIGHTMARE.
DOCTOR JONES, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M OKAY. WHO'S THE JOKER IN THE FEATHERS?
I'M NOT SURE. THEY BROKE MY GLASSES WHEN THEY JUMPED ME. BUT I THINK THEY'RE ALL... OLD MEN!
THEY LOOK IT. MAYBE THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T SEE ANY WOMEN OR KIDS.
THIS VILLAGE HAS BEEN HERE A LONG TIME, AND THESE OLD FELLAS ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT...
"BUT, WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW...?"
THE BLAST OF HOT AIR IS LIKE A FURNACE SWINGING OPEN.
AS THE GREAT STONE INCHES BACK, YELLOW LIGHT FLOODS THE CHAMBER...

BULLPEN BULLETINS

A COUPLE OF THINGS WENT WRONG LAST MONTH...

First, I was so late with the Bullpen Bulletins manuscript that a number of Marvel Comics had to be printed and shipped without it! An ad was inserted in its place at the printer's.

Second, when the Bullpen Page finally got done, it was so late that I couldn't take the time to check it over properly before it went out. As a result, a photo of the Marvel folks in attendance at the wedding of star writer Roger Stern and lovely Carmela Merlo was printed *half* the size I'd intended, and therefore looked a lot like mud.

HERE'S WHY!

Last month I was on the road for almost three weeks, attending the spectacular San Diego Convention in sunny southern California, and the incredible Chicago Con in the wonderful Windy City. I took my briefcase and a large portfolio, both full of work, along with me... but while I was in San Diego – I admit it – I succumbed to temptation. I spent two whole days plus a stolen afternoon or three relaxing. I played racquetball and lifted weights at the hotel's health spa, I went swimming in the hotel pool, jogging along the scenic waterfront, body surfing at the beach, and partying far into the night. I was joined in these thoroughly irresponsible activities by some of my favorite people – Joe Rubinstein, Jim Starlin and his wife Deina Grazziunas, Bill Sienkiewicz, John Byrne and his wife Andrea, Carl Potts and Christie Scheele. It was wonderful – the nearest thing I've had to a vacation in about seven years.

The price for those couple of days off was high. The Bullpen Bulletins did not appear in a number of Marvel titles, and where it did, the photo it carried was naught but a blur. My fault. All my fault.

WHAT'S BEING DONE...

Well, I've already arranged for several of your favorite Marvel personalities to do *guest columns* which will appear on this page every once in a while when I think you folks out there need a change of pace – or when I'm in a jam! Also, I'm going to print another picture of Roger and Carmela when I run his guest column. Also, they made me give back my salary for last month...

OKAY, ON WITH NEW BUSINESS!

Did anyone *not* see the nifty, sixteen-page Marvel Comics Guide to Comic Collecting which was included in every single copy of *The Amazing Spider-Man* #234? From the response we received it's the most popular bonus feature ever offered in a comic book! If you somehow missed it, head for (or write to) the comics specialty shop nearest you. Many of them ordered a bunch of extra copies of *Spider-Man* #234 and of the Guide by itself, and they may still have a few left. If you don't know of any comics specialty shops near you, check the ads in this comic! Many shops and distributors advertise in Marvel publications. Or, write to me. I'll get back to you with a list of shops in your general area. Speaking of such shops, I'd like to thank the folks from SUNSHINE COMICS, located at 6370 BIRD ROAD, SOUTH MIAMI, FLORIDA 33155 for their help and cooperation, without which we couldn't have published the Collector's Guide. They originated the guide, and did hundreds of thousands of collectors across the country a service by allowing us to publish and widely distribute it. Thanks, folks!

MARVEL TROUNCES WARREN!

Thought you'd like to know that on August 3, 1982 the Bullpen Bombers trashed the Warren Warriors on the softball field by a score of 20 – 1. Our left-fielder and manager Robbie Carosella led the attack with five hits in six at bats, including two homers.

Here's the line-up:

RF –Archie Goodwin, Editorial Director of *EPIC* – 4 for 6; LF –Robbie Carosella, Protostat Operator – 5 for 6; SS –Harry Eisenstein, Mail Clerk – 0 for 5 (but brilliant in the field); 1B –Jim Shooter, Editor-in-Chief – 2 for 5; CF –Ken Feduniewicz, Special Projects Production – 2 for 5; 3B –Nel Yomtov, Merchandising Development – 4 for 5; P –John Morelli, Letterer/Corrections – 4 for 5; 2B –Lance Tooks, Assistant Editor – 4 for 5; SC –Ken Lopez, Production Assistant – 2 for 5

We had 'em all the way!

I HAVE TO MENTION...

...that in San Diego, at their annual awards banquet, our own Archie Goodwin, Editorial Director of *EPIC Illustrated Magazine*, was honored with the prestigious Inkpot Award, acknowledging his contribution to the comics industry. If you want to see one reason why, buy or borrow a copy of *EPIC*. It'll convince you. A bunch of other Marvel folks have received Inkpots as well over the years. I'll run a complete list here sometime soon.

A WEEK LATER...

...in Chicago, at the Con, disaster nearly struck! You see *Spider-Man* was there, live and in person to give away free copies of the latest issues of *The Amazing Spider-Man* to the fans in attendance. The trouble was the shipment of comics never arrived! Fortunately, yours truly happened to bump into old Webhead in his hour of need, and I just happened to be carrying a hundred or so coupons, each good for a free subscription to any Marvel title. I promptly turned the coupons over to our hero, who found them an extremely effective substitute for his missing freebie comics. No problem. Now he owes me one. Just goes to show you, the Boy Scouts are right. Always be prepared.

IT'S ABOUT TIME...

...that I gave Elliot Brown some credit. He's the guy who typesets this thing (and almost every *other* thing) every month... and he does a darn good job, and we're grateful. But, typesetting isn't his *only* trick. He's also our resident photographer. He took the stunning photo which graced the cover of *Dazzler* #21 – as well as most of the other photos that have appeared in Marvel Comics in recent years. If a photo isn't credited otherwise, chances are it's Elliot's work. I should mention, too, that Elliot is our resident technical expert. If something's broken, he can fix it – if something's complicated, he can explain it – if you've got a problem, he can solve it. He draws – and he's especially good at technical drawing, like blueprints, diagrams, cutaways, mechanical drawing – he inks, he colors, he designs, he does boardwork, and other stuff, too, that I can't think of. Best of all, he's a real trouper who's stayed here at the office all night many times helping desperate artists and editors make deadlines. He's probably blushing now, as he typesets this – he's such a humble guy!

Well, Jim, I just don't know what to say, but I think that I'd like to take this singular opportunity to thank all the little people whose eyeballs I've ridden; when I think of Marvel Comics, the image of selfless comraderie almost, almost brings a tear to my eye, the hours of backbreaking, shoulder to shoulder... I can't go on – well, yes I could, but Jim is sliding his forefinger across his throat. Hmm. Thanks, Jim.

Scott R. Brown

But I couldn't pass this opportunity to let him know he's appreciated! Hooray, Elliot!

CONGRATULATIONS...

...are in order for my former secretary Franki Sienkiewicz. Being my secretary has got to be the toughest job in the place (tied, maybe, with the Traffic Manager job, which Virginia Romita handles so well). It involves representing Marvel to the world and the freelancers, handling an enormous workload including tons of memos, letters and complicated projects, *all* of them urgent and important, supervising three or more office assistants and putting up with me. Franki took it all in stride – so well, in fact, that she received an impressive promotion. She's now *Administrative Manager of International Licensing*. Whew! I feel like I should *salute* even when I just write that title! I think what it means is, that she's in charge of Europe... or maybe just NATO.

Congratulations, Franki!

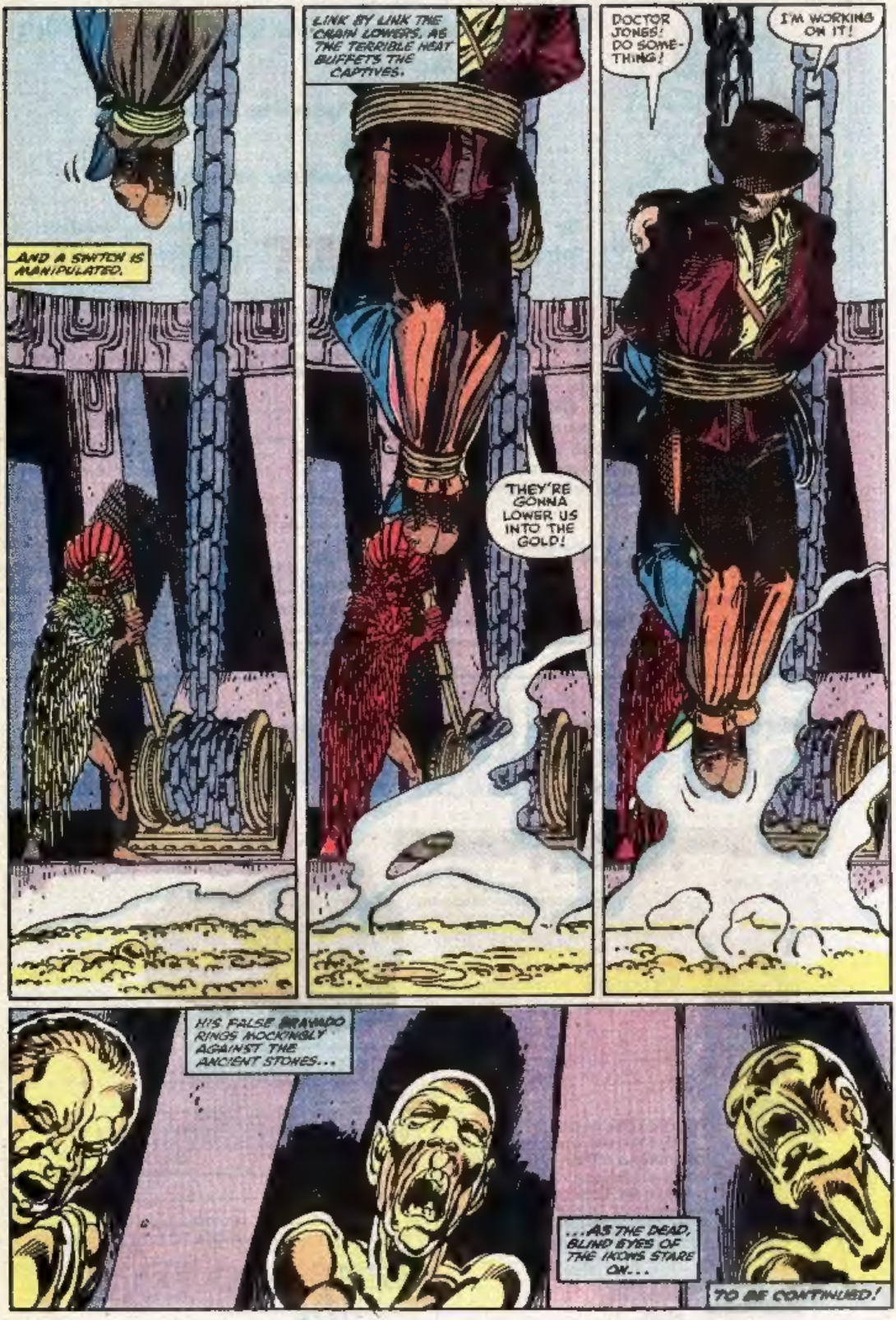
MY NEW SECRETARY...

Pardon me, my new *Administrative Assistant* – the job grew a lot while Franki had it, because she was always eagerly shouldering more responsibility, so we had to change the title – is Lee Sapp. Lee is doing a great job and is already making me forget about ol' whatsemame. Heh, heh. Just kidding, Franki.

GOTTA GO!

I think I see some NATO bombers headed this way!

Best,


AND A SWITCH IS MANIPULATED.
LINK BY LINK THE CHAIN LOWERS, AS THE TERRIBLE HEAT BUFFETS THE CAPTIVES.
THEY'RE GONNA LOWER US INTO THE GOLD!
DOCTOR JONES! DO SOMETHING!
I'M WORKING ON IT!
HIS FALSE BRAVADO RINGS MOCKINGLY AGAINST THE ANCIENT STONES...
...AS THE DEAD, BLIND EYES OF THE IKONS STARE ON...
TO BE CONTINUED!